



THE RECORD STAFF

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EDITORIAL

RECORD POLICY

The RECORD is a magazine published quarterly by the Frances Shimer girls. Its primary purpose is to present to the girls an interesting chronicle of the events and activities of the year. It includes also representative literary material written during the term, as well as many humorous articles and incidents which have taken place about the campus.

As the school has grown the RECORD has had to grow and develop also. This year we hope to present to the girls of Frances Shimer a RECORD of which you will all be proud. That we may succeed in this aim we are asking for your most loyal support and cooperation. The size of the RECORD has been increased and a number of new departments have been added. Personal notes and original campus humor will be a part of our magazine but to make these sections a success we must have contributions from many sources, representative of the entire student body. A box for this material will be placed near the book store on the first floor of Metcalf. The articles will be organized and edited under various heads by a completely reorganized and efficient staff. The leaders of the departments are girls who are especially capable of carrying on this work. The people who are gifted as poets may turn in their work to the poetry editor, those who are able to write themes, short stories, or anything of literary value may hand their finished material to the head of the department under which it should be placed. We would like any personal items also. Only by such collective action can the RECORD live up to the expectations and hopes of everyone. We are sure that much undiscovered talent exists on the campus.

A WASHINGTON MEMORIAL

Tree-planting is the school's latest project. No, we haven't mistaken the date for Arbor Day. We are well aware of the official date for such an undertaking. Nevertheless we are tree-planting,—and this is the reason: 1932 is the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and President Wilcox has asked the Frances Shimer girls to take part in the nation-wide program of celebrating this memorial year by planting trees on the campus, a most fitting and proper way of honoring the Father of our Country, himself a great tree-planter.

Many of the beautiful old trees on our campus were planted by Mrs. Shimer seventy-five years ago. Now, we too, have the opportunity to do our part in making the campus beautiful, not only for ourselves, but for the enjoyment of girls in years to come.

The greater number of the most active clubs have already pledged two-dollar and five-dollar gifts in support of this worthy movement. It remains to the Frances Shimer girls as individuals to successfully carry out the rest of the program.

Perhaps you have noticed the box placed in the post office to receive the extra pennies that any student might wish to contribute. These small amounts, given whenever money is changed at the post office, may seem most insignificant to some, but certainly each girl must do her part if the plan is to be a success. Are you contributing?

SKETCHES

PRELUDE

The streets were gray. The sky was gray. Trees, naked, were gray. And over the drab scene fine mist fell. People, drawing their cloaks tightly about them to protect themselves from the cold, driving rain, hurried down the streets usually filled with happy, jostling crowds. With the depressing scene Chad Bentley was in perfect harmony. Hands thrust into pockets, head bent, he slowly walked down the street. What was left of life for him? What was the use of suffering day after day for no apparent end? Chad lifted gray eyes that were filled with disillusion and bitterness. Tonight he must come to some decision.

For weeks Chad had paced the streets of this teeming city, endeavoring in vain to find work, only to be turned away from every place. Formerly he had been earning a sufficient amount to provide a decent living. But during the middle of the winter he had lost his job and since then had lived on little or nothing. Spring would soon be here—as Chad thought of spring all the love and happiness seemed to be drained from his heart. Chad had loved the spring. Every fiber of his body had responded to its lure. But what could the awakening of nature do for one who needed food and rest?

Chad turned off on a side street that led to the river. Of course, it was a cowardly thing to do, but surely a great and good God would not count it against him. One could not go on living without sustenance, and he, Chad Bentley, would never accept charity. A panorama passed thru his mind. He thought of the happy days of his boyhood and of his youthful dreams.

Block after block he stumbled on regardless how far he had gone. Glancing up he saw a great church. For a last moment of peace and comfort he would enter. It was a beautiful building, its great dome looming against the gray of the sky. Chad mounted the stone steps leading to the sanctuary, warm and quiet in comparison to the cold and driving sleet of the outdoors.

Chad, who had become numbed to surroundings, eventually became aware that he was not alone in the church. He looked toward the front. Before the great organ sat a brown-haired girl. She was engrossed in looking thru her folio. With a quick movement, having found the desired music, she began to play. What irony! At this time to hear music—music that meant song and happiness. The great organ pealed forth beautiful minor chords that echoed and reechoed thru the quiet church. Chad leaned forward. Then the spell of that great prelude came over him. He sank back in the seat and closed his eyes. The music thrilled him, perhaps as nothing had ever thrilled him before. It put into words all of the emotions of the past weeks.

The music changed into a soft, singing style. Gone was all of the anger and resentment of the first movement. But still thru the music ran a minor undertone. In spite of the touch of sadness, Chad relaxed as he had not for many a day. Note after note came from the organ, each doing its part to assuage the unrest of his soul. At last the great prelude came to an end—with a sob that was yet strangely filled with peace and quiet. The great organ trembled, reluctant to give up the last notes of that masterpiece.

Chad sat quietly for a long time. Life was like that—turbulent; but it always returned to peace and happiness, although a note of sadness might remain beneath. The great prelude at first had been terrible. Yet it had changed to a sweet melody.

The brown-haired girl at the organ, turning, caught sight of Chad. She was not startled; she smiled at him. Chad, unconsciously, smiled back. New life seemed to have come to him. He *would* go back into the world and fight it out. He arose and squared his shoulders. Slowly he walked out of the great church—now holy to him for it had given him hope. As Chad stepped out, a ray of sunlight struck him. The sky had cleared. He smiled——.

Melva Mercer, College '32.

THE LIBRARY

When I awoke that morning, I felt strangely downhearted. It must have been the drizzily rain, for nothing had happened of late that my spirits should be so trampled. Suddenly I remembered that the very day before I had been invited up to grandmother's for the week-end. Recalling this, I cast off my despondency, and began packing my bag in great haste.

I was soon on my way, and when I finally drew up in the garage I hurried to the house, calling my grandmother. Swiftly I dashed through the silent house. The only noise to be heard was the rain slashing against the windows. In the library I found grandmother reading before the fire. She arose, tall and stately, to greet me. Her hair was pure white, combed back from her forehead; and her eyes, shining like two black diamonds, held a world of welcome. I seated myself in the southwest corner in a large, burnt-orange leather chair and gazed toward the crackling log fire in the mammoth fireplace at the opposite end of the room. On either side of this fireplace were travel books, "Mother India", "The World on One Leg", and others of my favorites. All along the east wall were rows upon rows of books. Above the bookshelves on this wall, diamond-shaped mirrors with small diamond-shaped pendants took the place of windows. The mirrors reflected the light from the three magnificent windows which covered the whole west side of the library. Heavy brown drapes

with the outline of oak leaves embroidered in a darker brown hung to the floor, blending their tones with those of the thick brown rug which covered the floor. The massive desk at which I could vaguely remember my grandfather sitting, was just a short distance from me, and I beheld with interest and curiosity, the heavy letter opener, and the antique glass paper weight with the fascinating designs, which I had gazed into many times during my childhood.

As I looked at the south side of the room, past the two French doors swinging out onto the terrace, to the beautiful panelled pine walls, I began to wonder if perhaps there were a secret door in that intricate pattern. Suddenly a melodious voice interrupted my reveries, asking if I would care to read "Shadows on the Rock". Up to this time I had been enchanted, studying this interesting room of which I had to this time taken such little notice. I arose and walked across the room to get the book my grandmother was extending to me. As I was walking back I glanced out of the glorious west window and was entranced by the sight. The house was situated on a steep hill and the library stood on its very edge, overlooking a peaceful valley filled with luxuriant trees. The sun burst through a cloud, and at the bottom of the hill flowed a river which took on new and unexpected beauty from the sun's shining rays. Several hours before, I had crossed it unnoticingly. Now it was a raging torrent of water and one could almost hear a loud thundering sound accompanying it. In the distance I could see a silver church spire, catching a million rays of gold, thrusting its cross above the commanding trees. I sank back in my deep chair, to dream of the perfect hours ahead of me in my newly found paradise.

Barbara Haeger, Academy '32.

THE MISSION CHURCH

The little chapel stands on the slope of a hill almost hidden by the dark, silent trees which surround it. It is a simple building, this Mission Church which has withstood the elements for nearly a century. Simple, yet how inspiring, how noble, how sturdy! True, there is dull, green moss on the weather-beaten boards, the walls have begun to settle, the floor sags, and the wind moans in the little belfry. Yet the charm is there, and all who enter feel the power which the little chapel casts. The birch bark walls, and the sunlight, unstained by painted glass, are the only ornaments. With its plain pine pews, the green foliage glimpsed through the open windows—the whole spirit of the little chapel is that of another day.

While I sit there for an hour of peace and thought, come pictures of the little chapel as it was in those other

days. The church itself was little changed, but the people for whose use it was erected—how far removed from the fashionable, well educated men and women who now visit this little church! Was it not those people who worshiped here long ago that have given the little chapel its mellow atmosphere? Fishermen who left their toil by the nets, Indians who came in from the wind and the beating rain. Old women, bent and rugged, children who gazed longingly at the whispering pines and the beckoning flowers. Gay youths and dark-eyed girls to whom life was still pictured as a calm blue lake or a soft, summer breeze, with just enough blue and just enough breeze to make it fresh and challenging. Men of sorrows and troubles, men of disappointments and dreams and questions—all had found here an answer to their various problems.

The rains shall continue to beat on the walls, the snows to shroud it in white for the long winter months of the northland, but the sun and the spring shall come again and the power, the thrill, and the promise of that little church shall remain forever alive.

Adeline Salmon, Academy '32.

GYPSIES

A great red-orange disk reflected the last rays of a fading sun. A gentle breeze carrying with it the heavy odor of musk caused us to slacken our pace and scarcely breathe lest we break the vast stillness. Presently the mellow hum of a rich contralto voice stopped us. The lilt of a soprano caught up the melody and changed it to a dance rhythm; the even strumming of a guitar and the faint click of castanets warned us of gypsies. Anthony and I had been reared in an atmosphere of horror at the very word "gypsy." But now, moved by the same overwhelming force, we both started toward the grove from which casual low laughter reached us. As we drew nearer, our early training cautioned us to stay hidden among the trees and bushes. The picture we saw was complete. I shall never forget it. An ancient, wrinkled gypsy, corn-cob pipe in hand, stooped near the embers of a low fire where a group of swarthy young fellows watched from a distance a flame-skirted girl dancing to the melodies of a handsome Bohemian. A young mother hummed to her sleeping child beyond, and as the dancer sank to the ground by her side the music melted into a softer harmony. The picture faded with the Indian summer twilight, and we crept away bearing with us a truer idea of gypsy life than that inspired by superstitions of childhood.

Dorothy Harrison, Academy '33.

AVANT LE PETIT DEJEUNER A L'ÉCOLE
DE FRANCES SHIMER

Place: La chambre d'une élève de l'école.

L'Heure: Six heures et demie du matin.

L'Élève—

"La première sonnette! Quelle affreuse d'heure de réveiller une personne.—Juste ciel! Cette chambre est comme une montagne de glace. Pourquoi n'y a-t-il pas de chaleur dans cette place-ci? Br-r-r. Je donnerais mon royaume pour une paire de flanelles rouges!

"Eh bien, je suppose que je devrai me lever pour fermer cette maudite fenêtre. C'est dommage qu'elle ne puisse pas se fermer elle-même.—Voilà! Une chose de faite.

Mon dieu! Voilà déjà la deuxième sonnette. Je n'arriverai jamais à la salle à manger à l'heure. Ou est ma houppe à poudre?—et mon rouge?—Le sifflet! Et je ne me suis pas encore coiffée.—Hélène! Attendez-moi—je vous prie. Ne courez pas si vite!"

Marjorie Miller, College '33.

BOOK REVIEW

"SHADOWS ON THE ROCK"

by Willa Cather

Willa Cather is considered one of the twelve greatest American women of today. The daughter of a western pioneer, it is easy to picture the struggles of her early life. Amelia Barr believes that a really successful author must experience an entire change of environment at an early age. Willa Cather's name would certainly be among the first of those who have experienced this environmental transition.

Of the fourteen books written by this great modern novelist, the best known are: "My Antonia", "Song of the Lark", "Death Comes for the Archbishop", and her recent "Shadows on the Rock". The last two books belong to her latest period of writing. They have a manner all of their own and are extremely different from Cather's earlier works. Like "Death Comes to the Archbishop", "Shadows on the Rock" is a story of pioneers in North America. Unlike it, the latter is a story of the northwest rather than the southwest. The rock is Quebec, the foundation of the French settlement in the New World. As a symbol it is reflected through the story and appears in the characters, in their thoughts and actions. It is in the minds of the people a pillar of strength which protects them through the long winter, after the last ship has left the harbor bound for French shores.

There are a greater number of outstanding characters in "Shadows on the Rock" than we usually find in Miss Cather's books. Euclide Au Clair, the apothecary, gives us a touch of Old France with its many formalities. This air is intensified by the presence of Count de Fontenac, the governor, whose life ends with a longing for his home country.

The religious element so characteristic of Cather is brought in by the two entirely different types of priests: Father Hector, who works for the good of his people, and Monsieur de Saint-Vallier who constantly struggles for a high position.

In this book we are given an excellent idea of the hardships of the early pioneers and we are made aware of the great work the French explorers accomplished in North America. With only this background of history and struggle the story would be very commonplace, but it is given life and vitality by the introduction of the French girl Cécile. Tales of her childhood, of her kindnesses toward the boy Jacques, give the book a touch of humanity, bringing us in closer contact with the author.

The book as a whole has freshness and charm, supported by the sturdiness of settlers in a new world. Yet we have no feeling of the coarseness typical of these days of struggle. Instead we have tranquillity and peace, as though the action was at one time a part of the author's own experience, recorded later, after time had smoothed the rough edges of reality.

J. A. Woerfel, College '33.

POETRY

A SILHOUETTE

The moon, an Italian sequin, cast
An ever narrowing gleam
On the indigo waters.
Out of the blackness beyond and into
The mantle of gold came
The silhouette of a gondolier, swaying
To the rhythmic motion
Of his pole.

You clasped my hand and sighed.
For so had a vague shadow
Crossed our pathway of dreams,
Once . . .

Margaret S. Allen, College '33.

NOW—MR. WEBSTER!

When the English tongue we speak,
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew" but likewise "few",
And the author of a verse

Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"?
 "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard".
 "Cord" is different than "word";
 Cow is "cow" and low is "low";
 "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe".
 Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb",
 "Doll" and "roll", and "home" and "some",
 And since "pay" is rhymed with "say"
 Why not "paid" with "said", I pray?
 We have "blood" and "food" and "good",
 "Mould" is not pronounced like "would"
 Wherefore "done" but "gone" and "lone"?
 Is there any reason known?
 And in short it seems to me
 Sounds and letters disagree!

Virginia Maginnis, College '33.

COMPANIONSHIP

Could I but face the world each day
 On goodness bent,
 And find in everyone I meet
 The same intent—
 Then could I feel Thy presence here
 A cure for every want or fear
 As something so divinely near,
 Thy Guidance.

I follow Thee as best I can
 In thine own way,
 And find in Thee a better friend
 On every day.
 So help me walk along with Thee
 That road where everything I see
 Is holiness revealed to me—
 Thy Wonders.

When there I tread with confidence
 My hand in Thine,
 My happiness is all complete,
 Thy purpose mine.
 I seem to feel Thee all around
 And with respect and joy profound,
 I follow it—I know its sound
 Thy Voice.

So may I be this whole life through
 Alone with Thee,
 And let no cloud of worldliness
 Envelop me.
 Be with me constantly, I plead
 My stay, my strength, my only need
 And keep me from distraction freed—
 A Happy Soul.

Jane Miller, College '33.

EXPERIENCE

They said to me, " 'Tis plain, my dear,
 That you have never seen the things
 That we have seen, nor shed the tear,
 Nor learned the knowledge that brings pain,
 Nor felt the sorrow hard and keen,
 That seizes men and curs them down;
 So gay you are, you've never been
 Through fire; poor child, you'll know, some day."

I smiled, and hoped I'd never know . . .
 But silently I asked the Lord
 How I did go
 Through fires that burned, yet show no sign;
 How I could be as gay as though
 I'd never eaten from the Tree
 More bitter fruits than they could taste
 And live—oh, well, perhaps
 It's better so—.

Helen Young, College '32.

AUTUMN

Now are the days grown golden, and the sun
 Gives hazy radiance to the distant hill,
 Oaks blaze with color, and great clouds hang still;
 Oh painful beauty that will not be gone!
 Soon will the geese go southward down the sky,
 Shrieking their song; soon will the leaves grow gray
 And fall, yet for a brief and brilliant day
 The world is lovely, ere it comes to die,—
 But still it holds this beauty for a space,
 Just as my heart to our wild love returns,
 This love I thought was dead—to your proud face
 I had forgotten. When the geese have passed
 The world will be at peace; when I can spurn
 All thought of this old wound, I too can rest . . .

Helen Young, College '32.

SEASON MOONS

A crescent moon,
 Its light half hidden by a million stars,
 Peeks o'er the skyline of a near-by hill
 Upon a quiet, shadowed world below.
 A silver arc.

A golden moon,
 Hung low in crystal blue of August skies
 Shedding its mellow rays on field and wood
 And painting whisp'ring poplar leaves to gold.
 A lazy thing.

A harvest moon,
 A glowing ruby riding thru the sky,
 Setting the world and all thereon afire
 And burning gilt stars into molten gold.
 A crimson ball.

A winter moon,
A frosty yellow circle over head
Racing the clouds across the dusky sky,
And turning shadowed snow to dazzling white.
A crystal disc.

Helen Mellor, College '33.

ANGELS

When I was little I was told
"O, Angels carry harps of gold,
And always wear the purest white."
I don't know why I thought it right,
For now I know it isn't true
Why, Angels all wear robes of blue!
When people go to heaven on high
God cuts a piece out of the sky,
The sunset colors lie about
'Til Angels pick their trimmings out.
All this is given them to wear.
The stars are used for jewels there

The sandals are of sunshine bright.
Or else of moonbeams, cool and white.

Helen Mellor, College '33.

MAD WINDS

Far out across the moonlit waters
The restless winds dipped,
And drank of the silvery spray.
Too long they held their parched lips
To the frigid waters, for when they returned
To us they were intoxicated.
Madly they blew our hair
And laughed jeering laughs.
Fiercely they hurled themselves
Against the sturdy cypresses,
And flung the heavy boughs outward
Like the manes of fleeing steeds.
Mad winds, forcing from us
Confessions of love and fear.

Margaret S. Allen, College '32.





ATHLETICS

The athletic association is at the present time laboring to make both ends meet. It seems impossible to make the dues cover all expenses, such as letters, cups, metals and engraving. For this reason the association is planning to sell food at all games and meets. It is necessary for everyone who is a member to help us in this undertaking. The school does not support the association. The members and girls interested in the success of this organization are its only financial backers. We hope, however, this year to come out with a clean slate.

It is interesting to note the interest of the new girls this year in the association. This may best be shown by the positions they have filled upon the athletic board:

Pres.	Halstead
Vice Pres.	Jensen
Sec.	Le Pelley
Treas.	Yeomans
Head of Swimming	Young, H. A.
Head of Hockey	Maginnis
Head of Hiking	Brainard
Assistant	Anderson, Louise
Head of Basketball	Keller
Head of Tennis	Waring
Head of Golf	Koon
Head of Archery	Farquhar
Head of Horseback riding	Avery

The following teams have been chosen for this semester:

HOCKEY

COLLEGE		ACADEMY
Gray (Capt.)	R. H. B.	Koon (Capt.)
Mellor	R. W.	Plaut
Richardson	R. I.	Wahl
Maginnis	C. F.	Lemon
Bell	L. I.	Avery
Waring	L. W.	Green
Halstead	C. H. B.	Harrison
Keller	L. H. B.	Jensen
Paul	R. F. B.	Goldberg
Turnbaugh, E.	L. F. B.	Le Pelley
Warner	G.	Yeomans
Luscombe (Manager)		Summerville (Manager)

SUBS
Anderson, Louise
Brainard
Van Buskirk
Porter

SUBS
McNab, B.
Salmon, M.
Plous
Haeger

SWIMMING TEAMS

COLLEGE		ACADEMY
Young, H. A. (Capt.)		Yeomans (Capt.)
Horrocks		Wahl
Maginnis		Bruce
Buckaloo		Sleight
Crawford, J.		Goldberg
Schaeffer		Salmon
Warner		Dean
Britton		Jensen

Newlin

SUBS
Strahl (Manager)
Porter
Richardson

Harrison
SUBS
Meyer (Manager)
Green
Mooney

HORSEBACK RIDING AT SHIMER

For many years Shimer has been dreaming of the time when horseback riding would be an established extra-curricular activity in Shimer's routine. Now at last that dream is realized. Through the kindness and generosity of several townsmen, and the co-operation and eagerness of the girls, this result has been accomplished.

Monday, October nineteenth, the first group of girls went to the race-track, west of Mt. Carroll, and had their first ride. At first we are all riding on the track, which is large, wide, and very smooth. The horses are excellent, and their motto is "Safety". Mr. Holman, the manager of the track and an expert rider, comes to school every day, except Sunday, in his car and takes the girls to the track for a delightful ride lasting an hour.

HOCKEY

Hockey was taken up with great enthusiasm this year, some forty girls turning out for the first practice. The number dropped, of course, but when the time came to choose the squad there were twenty-two College and twenty Academy girls still trying. It was rather hard to choose the teams, but chosen they were and in all fairness.

The first few practices were amusing and bewildering. Tommy Keller, Rene, and Eli seemed to head the list of "spills"—not mere falls but actual "SPILLS". Waring, new at the game, will develop into a fine player if she will stay on the wing for at least five minutes of each game. The only member of last year's Varsity back again is Mary Bell, forward, and—well it's easy to see from her playing why she made the College Squad. Warner and Yeomans are opposing goalers and they mean bad news for any rival team. As for the forwards—on either team—they're enough to scare anyone [don't mistake our meaning]. If each forward would hold her position, perhaps the backs would, and then the lines would improve and the teams co-operate. Managers and Captains, it's up to you to see that your teams obey training rules, come to practices, learn the game and uphold their team to the best of their ability. Let's have stiff competition this year. We have the material and will—so let's go.

SWIMMING

On Thursday, October 22, a number of aspirants for the College and Academy swimming teams assembled at the pool in the gym at four o'clock. Keen interest was

shown in swimming, for many young hopefuls reported for action. Fat ones, thin ones, tall ones, and short ones swam for speed, swam for *form*, and did fancy diving. It was indeed difficult to choose when the number was limited to twelve places on each team. A surprising amount of talent was shown during the try-outs, and after the teams have perfected themselves through practice, a meet between the College and the Academy should be very exciting.

HOCKEY FLASHES

Whistle! Centers bully—fast—College's ball—out to the wing—down the field—whoops—spill—there goes Academy—right through the half by clever passing—Koon to Lemon to Koon—it's in—no—Warner

falls flat but gets it just the same—25 yard Bully—College Ball—whew, what whacking—just hacking away—hep, sticks there—Academy free hit—5 yards away everyone—GOOD pass work—right out to the wing—down the—nop—in comes College—takes it away—striking circle—in to center and—back to 25 yard—Wait—penalty corner—tense—there they go—full backs break it up—Mellor recovers—back to center—whang, what a sock—IN. What a game—cold out—maybe snow—there goes the whistle center bully—back again—slower this time—each team continues five more minutes—bully—ball in play—teams equally matched—just see, sowing back and forth—ball in play—Whistle!—final score—what a game—Brrr.





FORI SOCIAE SORORES

Fori Sociae Sorores held its first formal meeting in Hathaway Lounge on October 3, 1931. The members, Gertrude Yeomans, Frances Summerville, Mary Catherine Strauch, and Ann Avery, pledged the following: Margaret Allen, Helen Campbell, Grace Crawford, Eugenia Giles, Barbara Haeger, Jeanne Lepine, Adelaide Lewis, Bobbie McNab, Adeline Salmon, Marion Salmon, and, as an honorary pledge, Miss Jessie Miles Campbell. After the pledging ceremony, a Vergil program was given in honor of Vergil's birthday, October 16. Gertrude Yeomans gave a reading on the life of Vergil from the book *The Winged Horse*. Mary Catherine Strauch then read a paper on the works of Vergil. After that, Frances Summerville read Tennyson's famous poem *To Vergil*. Ann Avery read a paper on *Vergil in the Middle Ages*. After the program, refreshments were served.

VERGIL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

October 16th was Vergil's birthday, in fact, it was his two thousand and first birthday celebration. The Vergil class paid homage to the great poet by going to Katie's for dinner. Those who enjoyed this treat were Miss Nevius, Eloise Crounse, Eleanor Jensen, Gertrude Yeomans, and Ann Avery. The participants wore white togas, draped in intricate Roman fashion. When the guests arrived, they found the table lighted by candles, and decked with flowers and fruit. At one end of the table, in a perfect setting, was placed the lovely statue of the goddess, Venus, mother of Aeneas, the hero of Vergil's great work, *The Aeneid*. Near each guest's place were place-cards and menus, cleverly written in Latin, each bearing a picture of a warrior. After the main course, the great surprise followed, a birthday cake decorated with a Roman column and one candle. The guests were most enthusiastic over the party, and only hope that Vergil enjoyed his birthday party as much as they did.

THE TRAVEL CLUB

The Travel Club, with Miss Jones as advisor, spent the evening of its first meeting in an informal discussion on European countries.

According to plans, the club will ask members of the faculty and outside speakers who have had experiences in travel, to give accounts of the various foreign countries which they have visited.

Committees were appointed to make plans for future programs and plan refreshments.

THE STITCH AND CHATTER CLUB

The Stitch and Chatter Club plans to spend a very informal year.

At the first meeting, held in West Hall Lounge, the girls played bridge, sewed, read, or occupied themselves

in whatever way they pleased. Later in the evening refreshments were served. The Club does not have officers. A group of three or four girls will be appointed each time to make plans for the next meeting.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club accepted thirteen new members at its initiation meeting on October 12. The first part of the program consisted of the initiation ceremonial, followed by a business meeting and refreshments. Plans were made for the cowboy dance, which all the girls attended on Saturday night, October 17. The president told the girls of the special trip to Chicago, which the club in association with the classes in Art History sponsors each year. The girls visit the theaters and art centers of the city.

The officers of the club are:

Eleanor Jensen—President.

Emily Turnbaugh—Secretary and Treasurer.

Miss Cozine is the advisor.

THE ART CLUB

The members of the Art Club met on Saturday, October 3, with their new advisor, Miss Moeller, and Miss Hostetter, who was advisor of the club last year. Plans were made for the Dickerson Art Exhibit, an exhibition of contemporary American paintings, brought here under the supervision of the College Art Association.

These officers were elected:

President—Cara Mae Keller.

Vice-President—Mary Elizabeth Waring.

Secretary and Treasurer—Elinor Porter.

THE OUTDOOR CLUB

The Outdoor Club held its first meeting in the form of a hike and picnic supper at Point Rock Park. After the picnic the girls returned to the campus and went swimming in the pool.

The following officers were elected:

Jane Arnold—President.

Dorine Goldberg—Vice-President.

Esther Johnson—Treasurer.

Mildred Hoffman—Secretary.

Two divisions make up the club: the old members, who were here last year, with Miss Terry as their advisor, and the new members, under the direction of Miss Ruby Baxter. Each section plans to choose an appropriate name by which it will be known.

In the different seasons, the clubs will enjoy various types of activities, including hiking, skiing, tobogganing, steak roasts, and other out-of-door activities.





THE FIRST DAY AT FRANCES SHIMER

The first girls started coming in the morning and all day long a steady stream continued. Most of the girls arrived soon enough to have time to register for classes, but even then many had to wait two or three hours before their schedules could be arranged by Miss Baxter and Miss Hostetter. Finally by three o'clock nearly everyone had registered and a service was held in the chapel. Dr. Wilcox, in addressing us, told of the adventures that awaited us, of the new extra curricular activities that had been installed. He introduced the new faculty members and wished us to co-operate with them to make their first few weeks easier. Then for brief ten-minute periods we were assigned to our classes, where we met our teachers personally, and received our assignments for the next day. The rest of the day was devoted to talking, unpacking, and getting acquainted. The close of the day brought us happy anticipation of new friendships and rich experiences in the coming year.

On September 21, the heads of the halls, Misses Baxter, Fortna, Thoreen and Peters entertained the new members of the faculty with a picnic supper. Mr. S. J. Campbell very kindly offered the use of his lawn, and a delicious steak supper was cooked in the open Dutch oven. Seated on the log stools before the table under the big elm trees, the faculty spent the rest of the evening talking informally with Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Jessie Campbell, Miss Hostetter and Mr. Campbell.

On October 23, Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Hostetter and Miss Nevius attended the Baptist State Convention at Rockford. On Friday, they went to the First Baptist Church and heard reports on several state institutions in care of the Church. In the evening Mr. Franklin from the N. E. Convention spoke on Kagawa and the Far East Mission. A Pageant, "Landmarks from 100 Years of Baptist History in Illinois" was given and a play dealing with the struggles of the First Baptist pioneers was presented.

On Sunday evening, Dr. Gilkie, well-known Dean of the University of Chicago Chapel, spoke on the attitude of the white race toward other races and the effect on the white race itself. He called his speech "The World's Horizon".

FROSH DAY
Frosh Day! The very mention of those two words

The freshmen were relieved at the sound of the breakfast bell, but little did they know what was going to happen to them in the dining-room! The cruel sophomores forced some of them to dance, sing, and play leapfrog down the middle of the dining-room. They even had to ask of the faculty the most absurd questions. The meal was a very enjoyable one for everyone—except the freshmen.

The freshmen were given their freedom from lunch time until five-thirty, when they reported to their superiors to be dressed for dinner. At dinner the freshmen gave a snake dance around the dining-room so that everyone could see the clever and unusual costumes. The "Lady of the Bath" was present, dressed in towels, earrings made from bath salts, a sponge corsage, and rubber shoes. One costume was made entirely of newspapers. In College Hall at nine o'clock, the freshmen entertained the sophs at a spread consisting of shorts. The hostesses did not share in the refreshments, but looked on with envy. The spread concluded a day that the freshmen and sophomores will not soon forget.

On the evening of September 26 school picnics had been scheduled, but the weatherman decided against them. Not daunted however, the Dramatic Club came

to the rescue and presented a delightful impromptu program. The girls spent the evening with dancing, sports, and stunts, and everyone praised the ability of Miss Cozine and the Club to present such a pleasing program, on a moment's notice.

THE BEAN CONTEST

This year Katy surprised us all by having a contest. A jar was filled with beans and each girl was to guess how many beans it contained. The one who came nearest to the number was to win a cake, the next a pie, and the third, a sundae. Everyone loves Katy's food and many tried to guess the right number, in hopes of winning the tempting award. Numbers ranging from 100 to 2,000 were guessed, and finally the day came to pick the winner. The jar was opened. Imagine the surprise of both Katy and the girls to find that a paper had been placed in the middle of the jar. Mr. Katy, doubting his wife's ability to keep the secret, had placed the paper there and had changed the number of beans. Soon the beans were counted and after much wrangling it was decided that Fritzie should win the cake, Salena Hansen the pie, and Marian Plaut the sundae. What fun it was! Let's have another contest, Katy!

THE PORTRAIT OF DR. DICKERSON

The portrait of Dr. Dickerson which was on exhibit in the Dickerson Art Gallery during October was painted by the Austrian artist, Oskar Gross. Because of the intimate association of Dr. Dickerson with the Frances Shimer School it was indeed fitting that this picture be exhibited in our gallery. Commenting on the portrait, which is a delightfully informal study, one critic said, "This is the best kind of a portrait that could possibly be painted of a man of his character. It was impromptu. Mr. Gross took Mr. Dickerson just as he happened to meet him on the street one day in Chicago, and asked him to go to his studio,—with this result."

On Sunday, October 11, the Art Department held a formal showing of the portrait for members of the faculty and townspeople.

BOHUMIR KRYL AND HIS BAND

On Friday, October ninth, Bohumir Kryl, the unrivaled virtuoso and conductor, with his band, gave a splendid concert in the gymnasium of the Frances Shimer School. In his previous years of concert engagements Kryl has given music lovers the most pleasing and satisfactory interpretations and has established a standard in band music that has made his name prominent. Certainly no one who has heard this remarkable cornetist can forget the enjoyment experienced upon listening to the musical program offered by Kryl and his band.

In his program Kryl included two famous overtures,

those from the opera "William Tell" by Rossini, and from "Tannhauser", by Wagner. He included also the Largo from "The New World Symphony" by Dvorak, the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody" by Liszt, and the "March Slave" by Tschaiowsky. Each in itself characterizes a mighty composition and is so interpreted that the very magnetism of the music fascinates the audience, and holds it enchanted.

With Kryl appeared Matilde Bastulli, the famous soprano of the Boston Opera Company, De Carlos and Louise, internationally famous dance artists, and Wanda Menning, harpist, all of whom helped to make this special entertainment a remarkable one.

MASQUERADE DANCE

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club sponsored a Cowboy Masquerade Dance on Saturday evening, October 17. The gymnasium was very cleverly decorated with colored lanterns. Warrants for the arrest of certain notorious persons-about-campus were posted on the walls. There were several little tables covered with red and white checkered table cloths on one side of the room and an imitation bar, where candy was sold, occupied a corner of the gymnasium.

Costumes varying from those of cowboy cut-throats to the vari-colored robes of the gay Spanish maidens gave a brilliant aspect to the affair.

Music was furnished by Tommie Bogue's "Play Boys". During the course of the evening two stunts added to the entertainment. A queer-looking animal resembling a cow was led in, and everyone gathered around it to discover with hilarity that two young ladies under a sheet made up the odd creature. Spectators were compelled to line up against the walls when murderous cowboys thrust guns in their faces. These desperate characters soon left the guests and went to the bar for drinks. To our horror we watched the daring hero shoot down all of the bandits and run away with the heroine. Refreshments in harmony with the spirit of the occasion were served.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MEXICAN FIESTA

To many of us the spontaneous gayety that was offered us by the Mexicans on the Frances Shimer stage Saturday night, October 24, was, indeed, an unusual treat. These Mexicans, who came to us direct from the consulate office in Chicago, were the Hon. Adolfo S. Dominguez, Vice-Consul of Mexico, his wife, Milla Dominguez, her sister, Cecilia Ibana, Avila, Hernandez, and Emilio Alamada. The program which they offered was not a professional one but merely an inside glimpse of what would happen at a real Mexican Fiesta.

The entertainment was opened by the Vice-Consul, who gave a few introductory remarks regarding Mexi-

can customs. His foreign accent added flavor to his comments and fell pleasantly upon our Americanized ears. At the conclusion of his address the Vice-Consul left the stage, and five Mexicans portraying typical characters of their native country appeared. We beheld the flaunting red and green national costume of Old Mexico, the pajama-like peon dress, the garb of the cavalier, and the quaint peasant dress of the women.

Thus arrayed, the Mexicans stood in an intimate group and sang happy lilting folk songs, interspersed now and then with songs in a serious vein such as the Mexican "Home Sweet Home", a sad haunting melody. When Milla Dominguez sang "I Love You Truly", in her rich full voice, the audience was breathless.

The tango was danced by Milla Dominguez and Emilio Almado to the strumming of the guitar. The response of the audience to the grace and beauty of this dance must have been encouraging to the dancers.

During the whole of the program, an air of easy informality and thorough enjoyment of their work characterized the Mexicans' performance. The personality of Milla Dominguez, with her flashing dark eyes and winning smile dominated the stage and created a feeling of warm intimacy between audience and actors.

ART EXHIBIT

Late in October there was on display in the Dickerson Art Gallery an exhibition of contemporary American painting, assembled by the College Art Association. The majority of the pictures were painted in oils and included still life as well as landscapes and portraits. Among the outstanding artists represented in the exhibit were Robert Brackman, whose modernistic tendencies have given him recognition, and John Costigan, one of the most individual and captivating of American impressionists. His landscapes all represent the poignant pastoral character of his art and his sense of harmony with natural beauty. Henry Ward Ranger, who was head of the group known as "Tonal Painters" of America, attained tonal modulations by a "cool overtone painted freshly into a warm undertone, which is illustrated by his 'Landscape', also in this collection. Paintings characteristic of the styles of James Chapin, Charles H. Davis, Edward Bruce, Frederick Carl Friesske, and Elizabeth Okie Paxton were included in this carefully selected display and tended to strengthen one's opinion of the type of work most common in modern art.

ALUMNAE TEA

Once each year the local alumnae of Shimer entertain at a tea for the graduating classes. This year, Ruth Kingery Noble, president of the Alumnae Association, was hostess at the tea given by the executive committee Monday, October 26. The new faculty members and the students met the Alumnae and then, Margaret Olson

entertained the guests with two dances, a very graceful toe waltz and a toe clog. Virginia Dimond, in her clear soprano voice, sang two lovely songs, "Zephyr" by Frank La Forge, and "The Bird" by Fenk.

In the dining-room after the program, Mrs. Kate Rosenstock Wiler and Miss Laura Coleman poured tea.

HALLOWE'EN PROM

Fiery devils, phantom-creatures in long flowing cloaks, sailors in white trousers, Spanish maidens, the Queen of Sheba, and all manner of strange folk attended the Hallowe'en Masquerade which was given by the Juniors, Saturday evening, October 31.

The gymnasium never looked gayer than on this occasion. Bright orange and black streamers decorated the walls and ceiling. Candle-lighted pumpkins stared from the stage with a flickering gaze. The doughnuts and cider which were served exactly suited the occasion.

Music for the dance was furnished by Tommie Bogue's "Play Boys". Their selections were well chosen, and were most popular with the students. Devils danced with ghosts, and they in turn exchanged dances with the little Chinese girl. The effect of the brightly colored costumes mingling together was a pleasing one. During one of the dances the lights were suddenly dimmed, and only a spot-light was turned on the floor. Then two grotesquely fascinating creatures, from another world glided onto the floor and swiftly performed a weird dance. The Dramatic Club sponsored a two-act play which was most entertaining. The clever acting of Spaghettio (Betty Wahl) as he tried to take Sofia a pillio (Priscilla Le Pelley) away from her true love, Rhudabagio (Dorothy Harrison) assisted by the two maids, Sweepio (Helen Sleight) and Cleenupio (Esther Johnson) afforded the audience much merriment.

The first prize, for the prettiest costume, was awarded Helen Mellor. The second prize, for the most clever costume, was won by Myra Alice Warner. Honorable mention was made of Jean Lepine, Eugenia Giles and little Jeannette Hostetter.

RENTAL COLLECTION

Girls of Frances Shimer who are interested in keeping up with recent fiction and outstanding books of popular interest along various lines will be glad to learn that a rental collection is soon to be added to the Campbell library. At the nominal cost of three cents a day, the girls will be given opportunity to read many new books whose purchase would not be possible through the regular departmental fund.

The first books to be offered in this collection are:

Beebe, William—*Galapagos*.
Garland, Hamlin—*Companions on the Trail*.
Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw;
a correspondence; edited by C. St. John.
Kaye-Smith, Sheila—*Susan Spray*.
Galsworthy, John—*Maid-in-Waiting*.

Reynolds, Robert—*Brothers in the West*.
La Farge, Oliver—*Laughing Boy*.
Rolvaag, O. E.—*Their Father's God*.

NEBBY

Dear Phyll:

There has been so much excitement here this last week! The uppermost happening in my mind is, of course, Nebby. He is our Senior mascot and has almost more attention showered on him than a baby. Instead of the pink and blue color scheme, however, his colors are silver, to match his soft, grey fur coat, and blue, to match his eyes. I have never examined an elephant closely, so I am not sure about his eyes. Nebby's keepers hid him last Monday, and now it falls to the lot of the Juniors to find him. They have resolved to do this, in spite of our disdainful replies to their threats. He can be hidden any place on campus, except under lock and key, so it really will be almost an utter impossibility to find him, and naturally we are confident that the Juniors won't succeed.

From the first time I heard of Nebby, I have been looking forward to being a Senior and having him as our class mascot. He is greatly to be admired, not only for his dignity, but also for his sagacity. He keeps many fascinating stories and events in his trunk, where he has stored them from the first years of Shimer. Some day perhaps he will tell them to us, and then I'll have a regular book to write you! Right now, though, I must run for my next class.

Lovingly,
Ex-Roomie '32.

VESPERS

Y. W. C. A. VESPERS

In the Vespers service Sunday evening, October 4, the girls of the Y. W. C. A. told of their various activities and the work and purpose of this organization. Dorothy Schaeffer, president, introduced the speakers. Ann Avery told of the Big and Little Sisters and membership of the Y. W. C. A. Lucy Anderson explained her work, which is that of the Secretary. A treasurer's report was given by Cara Mae Keller. Gretchen Ballstadt outlined the program for the year which included the informal discussions held each week, appreciation hours, and vespers. June Downer told of the parties which are sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. Mary Elizabeth Waring told of the social service work done by the group. Elaine Wallace spoke of the coming Chinese Bazaar and the work done by the fellowship division. Miss Pollard, advisor of the program committee, asked the girls that they give their hearty support to the activities of the Y. W. C. A. organization here at Shimer.

MISS POLLARD CONDUCTS VESPERS

On September 20th Miss Pollard told us about Oxford University where she spent several weeks this summer.

One of the peculiar customs which still prevails there is that a student must not appear on the streets or on the Campus without wearing his traditional costume of cap and gown. At the graduation of the students the faculty are dressed in scarlet robes, the men graduates must wear black and a white tie, the women, black skirts and white blouses. She told us of the bells in Tom Tower at Christ College which chime one hundred and one times each evening at seven o'clock, of visiting the room of Samuel Johnson at Pembroke College, and many other interesting bits about this old English university. Miss Pollard's talk was most entertaining and we are eager to hear more about her summer in England.

WE LEARN OF THE STARS

On October 18th Miss Ruby Baxter read a lecture on astronomy accompanied with a series of stereoptical slides. The pictures were taken from Yerkes Observatory in Williams Bay, Wis., on Lake Geneva. During that brief hour most of us learned more concerning the universe in which we live than we had known up to that time. We learned all sorts of interesting things about the moon, the solar system, the planets, meteors, and other heavenly bodies—their distance from us and how many millions of years it takes for the light of some of these bodies to reach us. Miss Baxter's talk and the pictures did much to stimulate the interest of the girls in this field.

LECTURE ON CEYLON

On Sunday evening, October 25th Chancellor Jenks from Evanston, gave an interesting talk on Ceylon, illustrated by stereoptical slides. We were transported for an hour or more to the tropical island, which has been a battlefield for the English, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and other peoples desiring the products of this picturesque island. At present it is one of the numerous islands belonging to the British Empire. From Colombo, now capitol, we were taken half way across the island by motor and then through the mountains and back to Colombo. Many beautiful slides were shown in color, scenes of the fruit markets, the natives, the temples dedicated to Buddah, and the rice fields. Old Dutch canals remind us that the Dutch once held sway here. Ceylon is very important for its tea plantations and it is here that the famous Lipton's tea is grown. We were reminded that the jungle has great power and often reclaims its own destroying all that man has done in his attempts to conquer it.

Mr. Jenks kept his audience alert by his keen sense of humor and the interesting incidents which he told about his visit in Ceylon.

The Staff

Editor.....Mary Elizabeth Waring.

Assistants.....Ann Avery and Elaine Wallace.

The Tiny D.

Vol. I

MT. CARROLL, ILL., NOV. 18, 1951

Big and Little Sisters

This year the Y. W. C. A. sponsored for the first time the Big and Little Sister Committee. This work was done by the Membership Division of the Y. W. The Big Sisters, or old girls, corresponded with their Little Sisters, the new girls, during the summer, and then helped them get acquainted and settled at the beginning of school. They also took their Little Sisters to the Whos' Who Party. Through the co-operation of all, this activity was successful, and we hope to make it a permanent Shimer custom.

An Apple A Day

Y. W. cooperate by keeping a supply of apples on hand!

"Info" Table Real Help

At a table picturesquely situated under the "spreading maple tree" before the library door, the Y. W. members took turns engineering the port for bewildered girls. In search of parents, luggage or rooms,—lost, strayed, or stole,—all come wandering at last to the Y. W. C. A. table, and were given a helping hand.

Buy Your Candy From the Y

College-Romona's room
Hathaway-Tommy's room
McKee-Gert's room
West-Adelaide Lewis' room

Weather Puts Blanket On Y. W. Picnic

The annual steak fry and stunt night sponsored by the Y. W. was cancelled because of inclement weather. Bridge in College Hall and the show "Daddy Long Legs" were substituted for the entertainment of the evening. In spite of some disappointment, for the new girls had heard so many glowing accounts of last year's picnic, everyone voted the evening a big success.

Christmas Bazaar Looms In Distance

It's on its way now—Christmas—and with it come the yearly Christmas activities which take place before we go home for the holidays. Don't forget the Japanese bazaar and its display of novel wares for your Christmas shopping. More definite announcements will be made later.

Mt. Carroll Children Look Forward To Christmas Party

In spite of all the depression propaganda, the tiny tots of the local community will draw the old fashioned Yule-log into West Hall lounge for the annual Christmas party given under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Big girls too, even College girls, will all crowd around the fire-place to see Santa Claus, who promises to be present—pack, whiskers, and all.

New Y. W. Room Being Planned

The use of a vacant room on the first floor of McKee Hall was granted by President Wilcox for a Y. W. Room. A committee with Miss Darrow as faculty advisor, Mary Elizabeth Waring, chairman, Ann Avery, and Elaine Norton, is making plans for the decoration and the furnishing of this room. The room will soon be opened for the convenience and use of the students.

Who's Who Party First Big Social Event of the Year

An informal reception was given on Saturday night, September 13, for the faculty, students, and trustees of Frances Shimer School. The members of the Y. W. cabinet, the faculty, and Mr. James Campbell and Mr. S. C. Campbell composed the receiving line. After the girls had all been introduced to this imposing line which extended the length of the gym, Dorothy Smith played for informal dancing. Carra Mae Keller, the chairman for the new girls, announced their program, which consisted of tap dances by Betty Lemon, Helen Dady, and Shirley Plous, a toe dance by Margaret Olson, and a number of popular songs given by Mildred Hoffman. The old girls presented various scenes from last Thanksgiving Day. First there was a hockey game, second, the Thanksgiving dinner, and then a dance in the evening. Punch and cookies were served for refreshments. Taps sounded at nine thirty

Cabinet Appointed For Coming Year

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet for the coming year is as follows: President, Ann Avery; Vice-President, Elaine Norton; Secretary, Mary Elizabeth Waring; Treasurer, Carra Mae Keller; Social Secretary, Beth Waring; Publicity, World F. Wallace.

First Tea of Year Proves Big

What a success! The Y. W. C. A. first tea of the year proved to be a most successful affair. The tea was held in the West Hall and was attended by many guests. The program included a variety of refreshments and entertainment. The Y. W. C. A. members and guests enjoyed the evening very much.





THE SCATTERED FAMILY

Louise Sykes, Col. '27, will graduate this winter from the nursing school at Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago.

Helen Burgess '22 married Don Donovan two years ago and is living at Austin, Minnesota.

Ora Mae Clapper (Mrs. Cleary) '22 is living in East Chicago.

Ruth Cornelius '22 writes that she had been studying "life and health in all directions for four years and some day will teach the public when I've learned enough to feel competent."

Eloise Jeffry, Col. '18 (Mrs. J. Oliver Johnson) from Chesterton, Indiana, sends news of Eleanor Currie Hawkes, Col. '18, who is living in Seattle. She has three sons, Charles 7, John 5, and Robert 2.

Marjorie Graham, Col. '20, is teaching in the Roosevelt Senior High School in Chicago where she has been for two years. She says she occasionally sees Blanche Fuller, Col. '20, at McCormick Y. W. C. A.

Mary Dunn '26 (Mrs. Priestman) writes that she is living in Brooklyn, N. Y., and has a fine eight-month-old boy, Fred Thomas.

Julia Spickler, Col. '30, writes that she has had a busy summer, teaching Speech to a small group. "We have given one play already and are working on the second. It does not seem possible that I shall be a senior at Iowa this fall. Last year I roomed with Thyria Hughart '30. We are both Kappa Deltas."

Minnie L. Whitford Keene, '08-'09, writes that she is department manager in a large department store in Aurora, and also keeping up her home.

Vesta Lucille Grimes '09 is an interior decorator and has her office on Morningside Drive, New York City. She is a member of the New York Club of Interior Decorators.

Martha W. Johnson, "Mexie", is Director of Home Economics in the Silver City, New Mexico, public schools. She has both American and Spanish groups of children. "Because of the impossible conditions under which most of these children live, we have our instruction from the fifth through the eighth grades in the channels that will be most beneficial to them in their own home life and in training to be servants." She is working for the B. S. degree at the State Teachers' College in Silver City. She sees Therese Falkenau frequently when in California. She helps her mother in the running of two apartment houses in Los Angeles and has

made quite a study of short story writing.

Gertrude Murdough Hadley '21 writes that Margaret Dubois, "Percy", '20 (Mrs. William King Olive) is living in Washington and has been doing newspaper work with her husband when the baby doesn't keep her busy. "Gert" writes that she is dividing her time between her home in the Marshall Field Garden Apartments and teaching at the Art Institute, in the Juvenile Department.

Marian Powell Mountain '20 is living in Beloit, Wisconsin. She has a little girl named Janet Marilyn.

Evelyn Hegert, '20-'21, has three boys.

Minnie Labahn '19 is teaching kindergarten in the Elgin public schools.

Dorothy Randecker '17 is Mrs. Forest O'Connor and has a charming little daughter Lorelei who is three years old.

Libby Belle Sheehan Spears '28 is living in Evanston and writes in June, "I have a son Richard Lee who has reached the ripe age of three months. My only regrets about him are that he'll miss the joys of Frances Shimer and that I can't have him wear hair bows."

Alice Glover '19 is Mrs. E. Grant Lesrer and is the mother of little two-year-old Sally.

Izelle Emery Worley has been interesting herself in the prevention of crime and in investigation work, as her husband is director of the J. B. Worley Detective Service in Long Beach. She writes, "We also do fingerprint work, and are both qualified as experts. Handwriting is a part of our investigation work. We both are members of the Adventurers of the World, an organization which one has to earn membership in by advancing the history, geography, or science of the world, or by accomplishing some brave achievement. Such men as Commander Byrd belong."

A letter from H. F. Thomson, the father of Jeannette Thompson Blakey '07 says, "She is now living at La Planestel, Cagnes, France. The years that have past since leaving Frances Shimer have been full of travel for her and interesting adventure. They include at least two complete circumnavigations of the globe, several years' residence in India, at least one winter spent in Agra, several years in the south of France, and numerous trips in and about Europe."

Mrs. Robert Perry Wallace, nee Betty Kneeland '22 of Williamsburg, Virginia, is the proud mother of a son,

born July 19, and named Robert Perry, Jr.

Helen Clark Cromer '23 writes, "I have been living a life of leisure since graduating from the University of Wisconsin with honors in June 1930. My husband is on the faculty of the engineering school at the university."

Elda May Platt '14 (Mrs. Michael A. Lyndon) is living in Los Angeles where her husband is practising law. She spends most of her time caring for two very lively boys, Peter aged 4 and David aged 2.

Mrs. Alida H. Robinson '10 has her home in Cranford, a beautiful suburban town near New York City. She spends much of her time traveling back and forth between New York City and Chicago in connection with her husband's business.

Ruby K. Worner '17 is in Washington in the Textile Section of the Bureau of Standard. She says, "We do many interesting things, testing the strength of threads, twines, and fabrics, so that it is measured in pounds, measuring the amount of air that will pass through cloth under specific conditions, the warmth of fabrics, reaction of dyes in textiles to washing, light and the effect of age. It is amazing to know how much there is to know about a small piece of cloth."

Medona B. Lambertson Nickell '69 is living in Long Beach, California. She says, "I am in fairly good health, being eighty years of age last January 31. My home is on the bluffs facing the Pacific Ocean, a marvelous view."

Leona Pierson Smith '18 writes of lunching with Gertrude Thurston Watling '18 in New York City.

Grace Jane Thompson '26 (Mrs. C. W. Gray) was married in 1930 and lives in Los Angeles. She graduated from the University of Southern California, and is a member of Alpha Chi Omega.

Grace Wong '22 is still living at 60 Hart Road, Shanghai. She wrote last spring that she expected to be married this summer.

Mrs. A. O. Bondy writes of Beulah Bondy's '05 splendid success in her dramatic career. She played the part of Emma Jones in "Street Scene" and has also played in "One of the Family" and "Saturday's Children". She spent her last spring and summer working in Hollywood on the novel version of "Street Scene". She is a member of the Actors' National Equity Board.

A note from Martha Conrad Young '99 says that she is living in Los Angeles and is just recovering from a serious illness.

Laura Frazier '22 now signs her name Bjorseth. After graduating from Smith, she took a business course and has been working in a law office. She writes, "I was out in Iowa this summer visiting Helen Carr Brown '21. She has two darling children. Edith May Whitfield Smith '22 is living in Stockton, Illinois, and Annis Daly '21 is married and has a son.

June Overmyer, Col. '28, was in California during the summer and is now teaching near Sterling, Illinois.

Dorothy Runkle, '25-'26, is in charge of the Business Department of the Oregon, Illinois, High School.

Lucille Bowen "Bill", Col. '27, is studying social service at the University of Chicago.

Margaret Munger '29 is at home in Spencer, Iowa, caring for her invalid mother.

Frances King, '26-'27, is at Tyrrell, Iowa, working in a bank.

Gertrude Munger Garrett '14 has named her baby Margaret Gertrude Munger. They are living at Wichita Falls, Texas.

Lucille Smith, Col. '21, spent the summer at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and went in July to teach at Stockton, California.

Her friends will be saddened to learn of the death from pneumonia of Margaret Avery Dunning, '19-'21. She left three girls aged 1, 3 and 4, and a boy 6.

The School has been glad to have several of the old girls visit this fall. Among them are Olive ("Bunch") Smith '25 who is still teaching at Spencer, Iowa; Anne Teverbaugh '22 who is in charge of the sales department of Row, Peterson Publishing Company in Evanston; Janet Tippery '28, Kate Wasson Soule '28, and Constance Hamilton '28 of Evanston, and Betty Lourie of Moline '28. Connie is in social service work under the United Charities of Chicago. Pearl Van Kuren '29 who is attending Coe, was a recent caller, as was also Stella Durant Kucherman '23 who is still teaching at Galena; and Alla Lee Garrett '27, who is teaching at Freeport.

Dorothy Duncan '23 is living in Los Angeles.

Mary Evelyn Webb '29 was at Williams College this summer attending an international conference held there.

Edith Warner '27 is living at Maplewood, New Jersey, and writes of having met in New York Helen Goshen, Dorothy Hill Bucher, and Louisa Soisson.

Geneva Van Avery Follette '20 and her sister Gertrude Van Avery Hollied, '12-'14, visited the campus in June on their way back to New York from a visit in Iowa.

Mildred Williams '29 spent six weeks this summer working on her thesis in the library at Missoula. She returns to Madison this fall and expects to take her degree there in February. She writes that Marian Tallman '29 and Mildred Yager visited Madeline Arnold '25-'27, and Lohma Boyle, '26-'27, in Chinook this summer; and that Kathryn Norris, '26-'27, is living on a cattle ranch in the mountains and has a baby girl.

Mabel Hughes McKee '14 spent the summer in Devonshire with her sister Ruby Hughes, '03-'06. Harper McKee joined his wife for a few weeks, and they traveled on the continent.

Laurel Gillogly '11 and Miss Johnson, ex-Faculty, '10

'11, visited the campus this summer. Miss Gillogly spent her summer at the French School at Middlebury College.

The CHIN CHIN COLUMN of the *Chicago Tribune* for October 24 contained the following item: "All the artistic colony was interested when Leo Marzola, for two terms president of the Palette and Chisel club, became a benedick recently. The bride was Miss Blanche Fuller ('20) of the McCormick Memorial Y. W. C. A. staff and a member of a pioneer Illinois family. Her forebears came from the east in 1829 among the covered wagon trains and settled at Toulon. Marzola is credited with being one of the finest restorers of old masterpieces in the mid-west. His own paintings, however, have taken prizes in numerous shows."

Lila Heineman Tyler is a frequent contributor to the "Hit or Miss" Column of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Ruth Peterson, '27-'28, was married last year to Webster Jackson, and is living with her parents in Winnetka.

Dorothy Hill Bucher, Col. '27, drove down from Beloit one afternoon with her mother. Her husband is working for his Ph.D. in astronomy at Harvard, and she plans to take advanced work in English there.

Thelma Fox Homedew '20 has a charming baby girl named Nancy, born in June.

Miss A. Beth Hostetter '02 and Miss Ruby Baxter of the Faculty spent six weeks at Columbia this summer and had the pleasure of meeting several of the Frances Shimer alumnae, among them Georgene Williams Biggs

'26 whose husband is a vice-president of the Chase National Bank.

MARRIAGES

Alice Woodworth, '22-'23, to Frank Christ, on October 10 at the Chapel of the First Methodist Church in Evanston.

Theodora Mitchell, Col. '22-'23, to Dale McLaughlin, on October 16, at Evanston. They will live at Wapello, Iowa. Anne Teverbaugh was one of the bridesmaids.

Lillian O'Neill, Col. '30, to Howard J. Hansen, September 16. They will live in Long Beach.

Margaret Ashdown '31 to Carlys Albert Saxe, August 25.

Helen Reber '28 to Mr. Gilgas in August 1930.

Katherine Truesdell '29 to Allen Park Grimes on October 17, at Kingfisher, Oklahoma. They will live in Galesburg, Illinois.

Sophy Perry '25 to Ensign Lowell Thornton Stone, at Seattle Washington. He is now stationed on the Maryland in California and they are living at Long Beach.

Mercedes Brown, Col. '26, to Charles A. Murray, on July 3. He is studying at Northwestern Medical School, and they live at 221 East Ontario Street.

Dorothy Streeter, Col. '31, in May to Esker Olson. At home 2111 Greenleaf St., Chicago.

Jane Elizabeth Kennedy, '27-'28, to Alvie Reynolds Swan, October 17.

Mary Jacqueline Larson, '29-'30, to Carsius J. Cahill, September 23. At home, Hillcrest Apartments, Waterloo, Iowa.

HUMOR SECTION

SPENSER STARTED SOMETHING

Last night full long a girl at work did sit
A-trying Latin, History and Math.
To finish all before the night did flit
For sadly need of better marks she hath;
And hurry must she for to take a bath
Before ere nine the water hot was gone;
Thus trying to appease her teacher's wrath
By lessons well prepared—alas, at dawn
The sun found girl asleep and lessons done all wrong.

VINCIT QUI PATITUR, OR THE CENTIPEDES

Considering the fact that ballads originally had several authors, the English Survey students abiding in the upper realms of lofty Hathaway, one evening gathered together and composed the following effusive lines:

Listen, my hearers, dear, today
And you shall hear a tale,—
A tale of a blood-curdling fray
Of centies bold and maidens frail.

The sun shone brightly on the wall—
"I'd like a snooze out there,"
Said Grandpa centipede to ma,
"I'll fall but I don't care."

The girls were studying studiously
When one looked at the wall,
"I'm scared to death of crawly things,
Oh, what if he should fall!"

Old Grandpa centy chuckled with glee,
"They need a little scare."
He plunked right down upon her book
And scared the maiden fair.

"Eck!" she shrieked in maiden fright,
As she grabbed her dainty slipper.
"You'll never get home tonight," she said,
"I'll squash your every flipper."

And so she carried out her threat
And killed him then and there,
Poor Grandma looking on the scene
Began to tear her hair.

"Oh, woe is me," she cried aloud,
"They've killed my poor dear mate.
Oh, children, dear, don't be so bold
Or you will share his fate."

And tho our friend was very brave
Yet when the deed was done,
She paled with horror at the sight,
But vowed to spare not one.

That afternoon the girls signed out
For town to get some flit,
A smelly, greasy, liquid spray
The centies for to smit.

They also bought a fearful gun
To squirt the smelly stuff.
They filled the room with stifling fumes—
That proved to be enough.

That happy centy family died,
Not a single one remained
To tell how Grandpa fixed their fate
And left them only a stain.

Thus ends the sad and gloomy tale
Of the centy family,
No more do other centies roam
But stay in black crevices.

Elaine Wallace,
Gretchen Ballstadt,
Dorothea Scheaffer,
Marjorie Sherman.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

1. Ann Avery without her Y. W. smile.
2. Bobbie with her hair *up*.
3. Frannie Summerville minus her "How disgusting!"
4. Miss Nevius without her car.
5. Inez without a 'shhh!"
6. Tommy with short nails.
7. June Luscombe with natural nail polish.
8. Having Turkey on Thanksgiving.
9. Tubby Wahl without her giggle.
10. Willie Bishop in her own room during study hour.
11. Inez campused.
12. Miss Pollard chewing gum.
13. The library quiet.
14. Beverly teaching Emmy's class.
15. Billie Replogle without cosmetics.
16. June Downer without Marg.
17. Miss Jones stuttering.
18. Dr. Wilcox in a Raccoon Coat.
19. The piano in West Hall tuned.
20. Miss Jaynes angry.

21. Hathaway quiet.
22. No one up before House Committee.
23. A prom lasting until 12.
24. Esther Johnson carrying a tune.
25. Two helpings of ice cream.
26. All lessons prepared for the next day.
27. Sleeping till 11.
28. Top floor Hathaway not moving furniture after 9:30.

OUR PSYCHOLOGY TEST

Underline the word or phrase on the following assertions that will make each assertion end to your greatest satisfaction:

1. The "Anvil Chorus" is played with a harp, a piccolo, a flute.
2. Greta Garbo is a famous race horse, breakfast food, steam boat, comedienne.
3. Nebbachudbeezar is a prince of Austria, a sultan, the king of Elephantitis.
9. The number of feet in a seventeen-inch rule is twelve, nine, seven, or three inches.
10. The "Blue Danube" is played with cards, rackets, pins, dice, matches, golf clubs.

SWEET AND LOWDOWNS

1. Who is the nightly visitor to the Infirm?
2. Why the general rush to McKee Lounge after breakfast on Sunday?
3. Wonder why so many girls "fall" for Hockey.
4. Who writes such beautiful stories?
5. Who is the best read girl in the Academy?
6. What quarter is rightly named the "Waffle Hounds", and why?
7. What teacher understands the system of grading on the curve?
8. Whose expression is "goo-goo eyes"?
9. Who sings "My Dubby" instead of "My Buddy"?
10. Who owns the "shhh-sh" in Hathaway?
11. Why the rush to Metcalf Bulletin board on Wednesdays—the sighs and groans?
12. Who are "Clara", "Lu", "Em", "Florabelle", and "Maizibelle"?
13. Who possesses the healthiest voice in Hathaway?
14. What teacher loves to curry horses?
15. Who starts the singing at dinner?
16. Who does Nebby belong to and why can't some closses keep their dates straight?
17. Why does Miss Van Gundy have such a time with the Senior Class?
18. What "Bills" are very prominent this season?
19. What makes Latin Classes so interesting?
20. Who is Oscar Zilch—"Burpie" for short?

21. Who is the absent minded professor?
22. Where is "coffee pot" prominent?
23. Who does that Austin on campus belong to?
24. Is there an underlying meaning to that pillow, Tommy?
25. Who doesn't play bridge in study hour?
26. Why the 18 mile jaunt, Verona?
27. Will there be a teachers vs. pupils swimming meet this year?
28. There is an "overdue" amount of forgetfulness at the Library.
29. What girl says, "What excuse will I use this time, Gert?"

JOKES

"What would we call a woman who keeps on talking when we are no longer interested?"
"A teacher?"

Gert: "You can't spell any better than—any better than—any better than—"
Ann: "Chaucer?"

In Geometry the other day a Junior had the whole proposition in a nut-shell. She did the problem in her head.

Eng. Teacher: "I can't answer any questions."
Pupil: "Neither can I."

Bobbie: "Say, you know you're not bad looking?"
Tommie: "Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

Bobbie: "We're even then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

U. S. History first flunk:
Frosh: "Why do you suppose Washington stood up in the boat while crossing the Delaware?"
Another: So they could take his picture, Stupid."

Miss Van Gundy: "There always has been some mystery about a lady to whom Shakespeare wrote sonnets. She is called the "Dark Lady."
Voice from out of nowhere: "Was she colored?"

Teacher in English: "Give me a sentence with a direct object in it."

Shirley: "You are pretty."
Teacher: "What is the object?"
Shirley: "A higher grade."

Frosh: "Katie, I would like to engage a room for my

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

parents."

Katie: "How many will there be?"

Beverly: "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Lee: "Yes, we serve everybody. Sit down."

Enemy: "Have you done any outside reading?"

Bobbie: "No, it's been too cold."

New girl (going to be Proctor): "Tell me, what must I do when the 9:30 bell rings?"

Old girl: "You have to know that the girls are in their own rooms. Just go around and tap at the doors."

New girl: "Then can I tell by the tapping?"

M. Strahl: "What's the funny smell in the library?"

R. Britton: "It's the dead silence."

Tatter Warner is now on a diet. She eats one meal which lasts all day long.

Miss Wallace: "What is the date next Sunday?"

Irma Van Buskirk: "October 32nd."

Mary Bell not getting cute letters from one of her darling boy friends?

Rene Halstead with long pyjamas?

Jessie A. Woerfel without Margaret Allen?

Romona Allen with a boy-bob?

Dorothy Horrocks not forgetting the assignment?

Eli Porter looking wild?

Jean Cabene in the follies?

131 College Hall being able to locate its can opener?

Shimer without mice?

Shirley: "Who's your favorite author?"

Bobbie: "Father."

Shirley: "What did he write?"

Bobbie: "Checks."

Billie (looking at Ellis's new fur coat): "Say, is her father a furrier?"

Jane: "No, he went hunting."

Emmy: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Fritzie: "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

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